



For just a moment I was literally, as well as figuratively, taken aback, for the tone of the ringing voice which greeted me carried me five years at least into the past, when Lionel Hartley and I had ridden to hounds together at Melton Mowbray, while fellow guests at a house-party in the neighborhood.

"You bally Yankee!" he was shouting. "Fancy running into you in this fashion! I'm jolly glad to see you, old chap!"

Though my delight at seeing him was at that moment tempered by absorbing interest in my mission, it rose a few minutes later to unadulterated ecstasy, when I discovered that he was stationed at Port Said, and occupied what seemed to me just then one of the most important posts in the British Foreign Service—secretary to the Governor General for the Suez Canal.

"You're going to Cairo, I suppose?" he hazarded.

"No," I replied. "I'm going with you, and I shall not let you out of my sight, my friend, until you have proved you're something more than a figure-head stuck up in the Egyptian sands."

"If there's any little thing I can do," he began; but I interrupted him.

"There's a very big thing you can do," I corrected. And then I told him.

"What a lark!" he cried, refusing to recognize the serious side of it.

"Fancy one of your American multimillionaires passing coal on a British freighter."

"Passing coal!" I exclaimed. "What rot! Surely they wouldn't!"

"Oh, wouldn't they?" he broke in. "That's just what they would do. He isn't an able-bodied seaman, is he? You can safely wager he's an experienced stoker, or at least a trimmer by this time."

"Don't, Hartley, don't," I protested. "It's too cruel to think of."

"Never mind, old chap," was his rejoinder. "There's a good time coming. We'll have him out and washed and dressed and sitting at table with us an hour after the old tub lets her anchor drop. And I'll wager you a tanner that there won't be a miss in any part of the programme."

When, at breakfast, I told Evelyn the good news—omitting, of course, all reference to the coal-handling suggestion—she demanded that I hunt up Hartley, at once, and present him. Discretion, however, seemed to me in this instance, the better part of obedience. I did hunt Hartley up and I did present him, but not until I had allowed time for the first flush of Evelyn's fervor to cool.

He was a very good-looking young chap; Evelyn was both grateful and impulsive, and I was in love.

Our landing at Port Said was made on the morning of Saturday, the fifth of December, and all that day and the next, we waited in more or less constant expectancy and a boiling temperature for tidings of the tardy Glamorganshire.

Hartley, meanwhile, was a model of hospitality, but Port Said is primarily a coaling station on the sea-edge of the desert, and aside from the concrete docks, the ships, the light house, and the nearly naked Nubians that swarmed everywhere, it proved utterly lacking in objects of interest.

Sunday night brought some small relief from the intolerable heat, and grateful for the respite, all four of our little party were early to bed. Gradually we had come to believe that our waiting was likely to be prolonged. The earthquake at Malta having delayed one vessel would in all probability delay others as well, including that which we had come so far to intercept. So, utterly worn out by nervous tension and the fatigue of the tropical climate, we found rest grateful, and slept soundly. Just how soundly was demonstrated when, at an hour after midnight, three resounding knocks on my hotel chamber door only roused me, dully, and left Evelyn and her maid and Dr. Addison, who occupied adjacent rooms, in deep slumber, totally undisturbed.

With what seemed almost superhuman effort, I spurred myself to consciousness and struggled up on elbow.

"Who's there?" I called.

"Hartley," came the answer. "Open the door. I thought you'd died of Port Said ennui." And when I had sleepily risen and admitted him he went on hurriedly. "Make haste, now, old chap! The bally freighter has just come in, and I don't propose to lose that tanner through dilatory methods on your part."

But I needed no urging. Wide awake at his first sentence, I was already flinging on my clothes. He still chattered on in his chaffing way, but I scarcely heard him. Conscious only of the murmur of his pleasant, cheery English voice, my thoughts were out in the night, across the waters of the harbor, down in the inferno of a rusty ocean tramp, where a sweating stoker was giving battle to despair—a sweating stoker who, in far-away America, owned a pleasure craft almost as big

as the ship whose fires he had been feeding for forty days across two seas. "How about the doctor?" Hartley asked, as I slipped my arms into my coat sleeves and snatched a cap from a closet peg.

"It's too late now," was my answer. "You should have reminded me. I forgot all about him." And it was true. I had forgotten everything, except the imminence of the rescue and the urgency of haste. To one in Cameron's plight every fretting minute must count a drop of torture.

The heavens were splendid with tropic stars, and a faint breeze from the sea gently ruffled the spangled black harbor waters, as Hartley's launch, guided by a pilot of experience, headed for the twinkling lights of the recently anchored freighter.

Silently I sat, with gaze straining, watching the indicated sparks grow larger and brighter, moment by moment, until at length their gleams reflected in the waves, and their background emerged in a great dark shadow, which silhouetted itself against the less opaque sky.

"There she is!" Hartley cried in enthusiasm, as her funnel and masts somberly defined themselves above the black of her hull. "We'll be able to hail her in another minute."

Then I heard the voice of our helmsman ring out, and presently there was an answering shout from above, and an exchange of greetings, succeeded by directions; and the next moment, I was following Hartley up a swaying rope-ladder to where an outland lantern glowed overhead.

"Yes, Secretary to the Governor General," I heard my friend saying, as I put foot on the iron deck. "You're Captain Murchison, I suppose."

The captain's affirmative was more than deferential; it was obsequious. He was not a tall man, but broad, rugged and bearded, with long, powerful, gorilla-like arms out of all proportion to his stature. I could readily fancy

him an ugly antagonist. Unaided by Hartley, I concluded, I should have had small chance indeed of success. But the low-born Briton's respect for official authority was evidently strong in him, and I felt that if Cameron was aboard we should be able to effect his rescue with a minimum of effort.

"I should like to see you in your cabin, Captain," Hartley proposed, and when we were closeted there, he continued: "There is a report that you have among your crew a United States subject who was brought aboard, drugged, and forced to remain aboard against his will. His government has interested itself in his behalf, and unless he is restored at once to his friends serious complications will undoubtedly ensue."

The captain, despite his respect for authority, frowned.

"There's nothing to that report, sir," he said, boldly. "I'm not shanghaiing men in these days, sir. Every mother's son I've got on this boat shipped for Hong Kong, sir, of his own free will and accord."

"I dare say you fully believe that, Captain Murchison," was Hartley's diplomatic rejoinder, "but this time you happen to be mistaken. I don't suppose you have any objection to our inspecting your crew, have you? Suppose you have both the watches piped forward, and we'll settle this little business for ourselves. Mr. Clyde, here, knows the man."

Captain Murchison's glance at me was undisguisedly venomous. Reluctantly he rang for his steward.

"Send the boy'sun here," he directed, dazedly.

"We'll begin at the bottom, Captain," Hartley suggested, when the boatswain, cap in hand, stood in the doorway. "First, I want to see every man Jack you have working in the stoke hold."

Although the master gave the necessary directions I mistrusted him. Between the boatswain and himself I felt that there was an understanding which required neither voicing nor signal. And as, a little later, we stood on the forward deck, under the bridge, and by the light of a lantern viewed one after another of those swarthy, grimy laborers who had crowded up from below, I was convinced of the correctness of my intuition. For Cameron was not among them.

And then a chill fear gripped me. Could a man of his habits and training, suddenly called upon to assume such labor, survive its rigors? He was naturally robust, but he had been weakened by an illness. Might he not therefore have succumbed to the strain died, and been buried at sea?

But one consideration sustained me. In their cunning cruelty, the Chinese who had arranged for his transportation must have stipulated that he be delivered in China alive. Otherwise their vengeance would not be complete. It was not likely that anything had been left to mere chance. The probabilities were that Murchison knew definitely what was required of him and was to be well paid for his services.

Upon his seamed face, now, there was something of a sneer as, our examination concluded, he said:

"What next, Mr. Hartley?"

But for a moment Hartley, who was standing thoughtfully with brow contracted, his lower lip gripped between finger and thumb, made no response. Before he spoke his attitude changed. Quickly he had assumed a pose of listening attentiveness. Behind us, somewhere, a clamor had arisen. Voices, excited, hoarse, frenzied, yet muffled by distance, echoed dully.

"That man, next, Captain," he said, coolly. "The man they're trying to keep below."

It may have been that his hearing was more acute than mine, or it may only have been a guess. I don't know, but, whichever it was, it hit the mark.

It scored a bull's eye at long range. Captain Murchison's indifference gave way instantly to palpable uneasiness. His hands, which had been deep in his coat pockets, came out as though jerked by springs. One of them canted his cap from his brow to his crown and the other clutched agitatedly at his beard. And in that moment the riot advanced, the voices waxed louder and more distinct; scurrying feet resounded on the metal deck.

I saw the captain start hurriedly toward the starboard rail, intent evidently on meeting the rabble which was approaching on that side, and I saw Hartley boldly block his way. And then, almost at the same instant, I saw a tall figure with naked torso as black and shining as polished ebony—black with grime and shining with sweat—come running backward around the corner of the deck house. Saw it with an iron bar held menacingly aloft against its pressing pursuers; and even in the uncertain light of the deck lanterns, recognized it at once, by its outline and the characteristic set of its head upon its shoulders, nude to the waist and collared as it was, as the figure of the man I sought.

"Cameron!" I cried, chokingly, my fast-beating heart crowding my utterance. And all unmindful of the dirt which covered him I flung my arms about his waist from behind. "Cameron! Cameron! Thank God! Thank God!"

I heard the iron bar drop resoundingly to the deck; I heard Hartley's voice raised in anger, strident, staccato; and I heard the receding shuffle of feet as those who had pursued now backed away. There followed then a moment of silence, while the body I had held twisted out of my arms, and having released itself, turned and faced me—a moment of silence, only, for against the sudden stillness there now rang out a weird, palpitant cry, born of surcharged emotion, as Cameron, casting himself forward into my

arms, buried his face in the angle of my neck and shoulder.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Final Problem.

It is doubtful whether in all Egypt there was ever such another period of joyous thanksgiving as that which followed the bringing of Cameron to the little hotel in Port Said. I am inclined to question, too, whether in the space of a single waking day four persons ever talked more, or with more mutual interest, than did the four of us there gathered. The heat, the flies, the poor food, and the miserable accommodations, generally, were not merely tolerated, but absolutely disregarded. In the exuberance of our rejoicing, annoyances which had loomed large on the preceding day dwindled to the imperceptible; and from early morning until late night experiences were exchanged, adventures told and speculations indulged in.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Don't You Believe It.

Some say that chronic constipation cannot be cured. Don't you believe it. Chamberlain's Tablets have cured others—why not you. Give them a trial. They cost only a quarter. For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

Real Estate Transfer.

A transfer of real estate from W. E. Brunson to T. W. Boyle of a lot partly within and partly without the city of Sumter on North Main street, consideration \$7,000, was left in the auditor's office to be recorded.

The Best Cough Medicine.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy every since I have been keeping house," says L. C. Hames, of Merbury, Ala. "I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used. My children have all taken it and it works like a charm. For colds and whooping cough it is excellent." For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

Marriage License Record.

Licenses to marry were issued Monday to Moultrie Burrows and Ida Cook of Sumter and Chester Dwyer and Lettie Johnson of Pinewood.

Methodist Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Rev. James A. Lewis, Milaca, Minn., writes: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been a needed and welcome gift in our home for a number of years. I highly recommend it to my fellows as being a medicine worthy of trial in cases of colds, coughs and croup." Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a trial and we are confident you will find it very effectual and continue to use it as occasion requires for years to come, as many others have done. For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

First Woman's Stock Company.

The Woman's Building Stock Company of Columbia was issued a charter Monday at noon, this being the first woman's stock company in this State. The Federation of Woman's Clubs is behind the proposition and its members have subscribed to the stock company which held its first meeting Monday, when officers and directors were elected.

Old Age.

Old age as it comes in the orderly process of nature is a beautiful and majestic thing. It stands for experience, knowledge, wisdom, counsel. "That is old age as it should be, but old age as it often is means poor digestion, torpid bowels, a sluggish liver and a general feeling of ill health, despondency and misery. This in almost every instance is wholly unnecessary. One of Chamberlain's Tablets taken immediately after supper will improve the digestion, tone up the liver and regulate the bowels. That feeling of despondency will give way to one of hope and good cheer. For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

THE ONE-MILL LEVY.

HOUSE PASSES BILL TO THIRD READING.

Public Schools to Be Given Additional Support by Extra Tax of One Mill on All Property—House Strongly in Favor of Measure.

Columbia, Feb. 17.—An additional one-mill tax for public school purposes is the provision of a bill, offered by the ways and means committee as an amendment to the Mitchell bill, which passed its second reading in the house tonight. The opinion of the House seemed unanimous on the advisability of such a tax and the question was whether the original bill or one of the numerous amendments should be passed. The bill which passed the House tonight is largely the work of W. P. Nicholson and has the endorsement of the State Superintendent of Education, the rural school supervisor and other educational authorities of the State.

The passage of Mr. Whaley's motion that all second reading bills be continued until next session may be taken as evidence that the General Assembly will adjourn sine die next Saturday.

The first bill to be considered by the House tonight was the Mitchell bill to provide for an additional one-mill tax for school purposes.

Mr. Kibler took the floor to propose an amendment so that the law, if enacted, will apply only where the majority of the voters wish it. The amendment proposes an election in each of the counties to determine whether or not they wish the extra tax for school purposes. Messrs. James and Mitchum thought that the bill did not make adequate provision for the country schools.

Mr. C. T. Wyche spoke strongly for the Mitchell bill and said that it would go to the schools which need it most. Approved by educational authorities and amended at their direction, Mr. Rembert thought the original bill should pass. That the bill would benefit those localities which need it most was the opinion of Mr. Nicholson, who made an earnest plea for the bill.

Mr. W. W. Scott, of Anderson, spoke in favor of his amendment, to the effect that the tax fund should be distributed as the three-mill tax proceeds now are.

Mr. Brice thought that the passage of the Mitchell bill would mean a partial and unequal distribution of the fund. He thought the amendments should be printed in the Journal and debate adjourned until tomorrow, so that the members might acquaint themselves with the bill.

On motion of Mr. Whaley the previous question was ordered and numerous amendments were read. The House agreed to the committee amendment, which is a substitute for the Mitchell bill by a vote of 61 to 45. On motion of Mr. Nicholson the clincher was applied and the bill went to third reading.

The bill of the ways and means committee was originated and pushed through the house largely through the efforts of Mr. W. H. Nicholson. It is nothing less than a substitute for the original bill. It provides that the one-mill tax shall be distributed as follows: For high schools, \$60,000; for rural graded schools, \$45,000; for lengthening the school term, \$60,000; for the erection of school buildings, \$40,000; for the payment of certain applications now on file in the office of the Superintendent of Education, \$30,000; for public school libraries, \$5,000; for the State board of commission for teachers, \$8,000. Any amount not specifically apportioned shall be turned over to the county board of education for the use they see fit.

Mr. Whaley moved to continue until next session all second reading House bills, since they could not pass both houses if adjournment is to be had on Saturday. Mr. Belser moved to except all local bills and a number of others, which he specified, which motion was tabled. Mr. Whaley's motion was then passed, though there was considerable opposition.

FEMALE INTELLECT BETTER

Chicago Biologist Announces Results of His Experiments.

Chicago, Feb. 14.—After a series of experiments Prof. E. H. Harper, of the department of biology of the Northwestern University, announced today that for intellectuality, the female is her male's superior.

Prof. Harper used dogs in investigations, but he says: "The theory that the same revelations may be applied to men and women will find ready support in some quarters."

In his experiments the scientist used a mixed breed of Scotch Collie and English bulldog, the former being chosen on account of its intelligence and the latter for its tenacity.

"I found that in all the trials the female displayed a remarkable quickness in grasping ideas which the male after numerous sluggish efforts finally accomplished," said Prof. Harper.

WILSON'S NEW BOOK OUT.

"THE NEW FREEDOM" IS TITLE OF PRESIDENT-ELECT'S LATEST WORK.

Tells His Policies in Politics—Roosevelt, Taft, Aldrich and a Number of Corporations Scored as Authors of Political Wrongs.

New York, Feb. 17.—A new book by Woodrow Wilson, entitled "The New Freedom," will make its appearance tomorrow. According to the publishers it is the first time in the history of this country that a President-elect on the eve of his inauguration has addressed to the country a profession of his faith and a statement of his intentions.

Governor Wilson, it appears from the preface is not quite sure whether he ought to have credit for writing the book. He says the book is the result of the editorial literary skill of William Bayard Hale, who put together in their right sequence the more suggestive parts of Mr. Wilson's campaign speeches.

The book, however, is more than a mere collection of campaign speeches. The early chapters deal with the philosophical doctrines which the Governor of New Jersey poured into the ears of Democrats, Bull Moosers and Republicans alike on his Western tour. In the later chapters, under the sting of the reproaches made during the campaign by his leading opponent, names are freely used, and Colonel Roosevelt, President Taft, Senator Aldrich, George W. Perkins and a number of well-known corporations are scored as the authors of political wrongs.

As told in the preface, Governor Wilson has attempted to set forth in large terms which may stick in the imagination "what it is that must be done if we are to restore our politics to their full spiritual vigor again and our national life—whether in trade, in industry or in what concerns us only as families and individuals—to its purity, its self-respect and its pristine strength and freedom. The new freedom is only the old revised and clothed in the unconquerable strength of modern America."

Freedom Governor Wilson defines in one of the closing chapters in these terms:

"The greatest thought one can have of freedom is as a gift that shall release men and women from all that pulls them back from being their best and from doing their best; that shall liberate their energy to its fullest limit, free their aspirations till no bounds confine them and fill their spirits with the jubilation of realizable hope."

All his energies will be used, the President-elect says, to bring about the new freedom. He says that it is a "vision" which has come to Democrats because of "the long endurance of exile." Here is the "vision" which is to be the main prop in the new President's program:

"We must put heart into the people by taking the heartlessness out of politics, business and industry. We have got to make politics a thing in which an honest man can take his part with satisfaction because he knows that his opinion will count as much as the next man's, and that the boss and the interests have been dethroned."

"Business we have got to untrammel, abolishing tariff favors and railroad discrimination, and credit denials, and all forms of unjust handicaps against the little men. Industry we have got to humanize, not through the trust, but through the direct action of law guaranteeing protection against dangers and compensation for injuries, guaranteeing sanitary conditions, proper hours, the right to organize and all other things which the conscience of the country demands as the workman's rights."

"We have got to cheer and inspire our people with the sure prospects of social justice and due reward, with the vision of the open gate of opportunity for all. We have got to set the energy and the initiative of this great people absolutely free, so that the future of America will be greater than the past, so that the pride of America will grow with achievements, so that America will know as she advances from generation to generation that each brood of her sons is greater and more enlightened than that which preceded it, know that she is fulfilling the promise that she has made to mankind."

This process of "release, emancipation and inspiration," Governor Wilson points out, requires many drastic reforms. He names the wrongs and tells what must be done with them. The tariff and the trusts and Wall street came in for a good share of criticism. The testimony of J. P. Morgan and others before the Payne committee in Washington has not convinced Governor Wilson that there is no money trust.

The early chapters constitute a plea for the return of the Government into the hands of the people. Governor Wilson objects to the guardianship of men of affairs; he objects to consult-

ing chiefly or exclusively, the capitalists and manufacturers on tariff and currency legislation. In the chapter entitled "Life Comes from the Soil," he speaks of "that great voiceless multitude of men who constitute the great body and the saving force of the nation." Public opinion, he says in the succeeding chapter on "The Parliament of the People," is not formulated in the privacy of Congressional committee rooms, but rather in the country, on the farms and around the stoves of village stores. In this connection Governor Wilson tells a little story.

"In a lecture that I once gave," he said, "I said that public opinion was not typified on the streets of a busy city, but was typified around the stove in a country store, where men sat and probably chewed tobacco and spat into a sawdust box and made up, before they got through, what was the neighborhood opinion both about persons and events and then, inadvertently, I added this philosophical reflection, that, whatever might be said against the chewing of tobacco, this at least could be said for it: That it gave a man time to think between sentences. Ever since then I have been represented, particularly in the advertisements of tobacco firms, as in favor of the use of chewing tobacco."

In a chapter entitled "Let There Be Light," Governor Wilson advocates public exposure as a check for all bad practices of politics. He regards no air so wholesome as "the air of utter publicity," and says:

"You have got to cure diseased politics as we nowadays cure tuberculosis, by making all the people who suffer from it live out of doors; not only spend their days out of doors and walk around but sleep out of doors; always remain in the open, where they will be accessible to fresh, nourishing and revivifying influences."

"I, for one, have the conviction that government ought to be all outside and not inside. I, for my part, believe that there ought to be no place where anything can be done that everybody does not know about it. It would be very inconvenient for some gentlemen, probably, if government were all outside, but we have consulted their susceptibilities too long already."

In discussing the Payne-Aldrich tariff, Governor Wilson says there is a "nigger" concealed in almost every wood pile—some little word, some little clause, some unsuspected item, that draws thousands of dollars out of the pockets of the consumer and yet does not mean anything in particular.

Initiative, referendum and recall are treated only briefly. He favors them, excepting only the recall of judges, where they are needed by the people to regain their right of representation. He aims to show in this connection by a review of legislation under his leadership as Governor of New Jersey people can get what they want if only they refuse to stand quietly by and see things done which they voted against. His arraignment of "political bosses" leaves no doubt that such creatures will be most unwelcome guests at the White House.

In the chapter headed "The Emancipation of Business," the President-elect speaks about the need of new patent laws. Inventions, he says, have been discouraged because of the policy of corporations to "push" what they have already spent millions to advertise. The modern genius, he says, is thwarted by an inability to get capital and credit for new schemes which may influence incalculable damage upon the established order of things. He objects to the "standardization" of manufactured products, he says, and thinks that a good many wonderful developments are smothered by the "pigeon-hole process" of the trusts, who buy up the patents rather than allow them to be exploited even in a small way.

The trouble about conservation of natural resources, the Governor points out in the same chapter, all lies in the fact that the Government hasn't any policy regarding it at present, but is simply "marking time."

As shedding light upon his intentions, the President-elect says in a later chapter:

"In all that I may have to do in public affairs in the United States," he says, "I am going to think of towns such as I have seen in Indiana, towns of the old American pattern, that own and operate their own industries, hopefully and happily. My thought is going to be bent upon the multiplication of towns of that kind and the prevention of the concentration of industry in this country in such a fashion and upon such a scale that towns that own themselves will be impossible."

"The welfare, the very existence, of the nation rests at last upon the great mass of the people; its prosperity depends at last upon the spirit in which they go about their work in their several communities throughout the broad land. In proportion as her towns and her countryside are happy and hopeful will America realize the high ambitions which have marked her in the eyes of all the world."